THE

MOZZZZNN ZARP:

CONSISTING OF

ADAPTED TO THE

MOST POPULAR MELODIES,

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE AND GUITAR.

BX

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA,

Author of "The Southern Harp," &c.

New=York:

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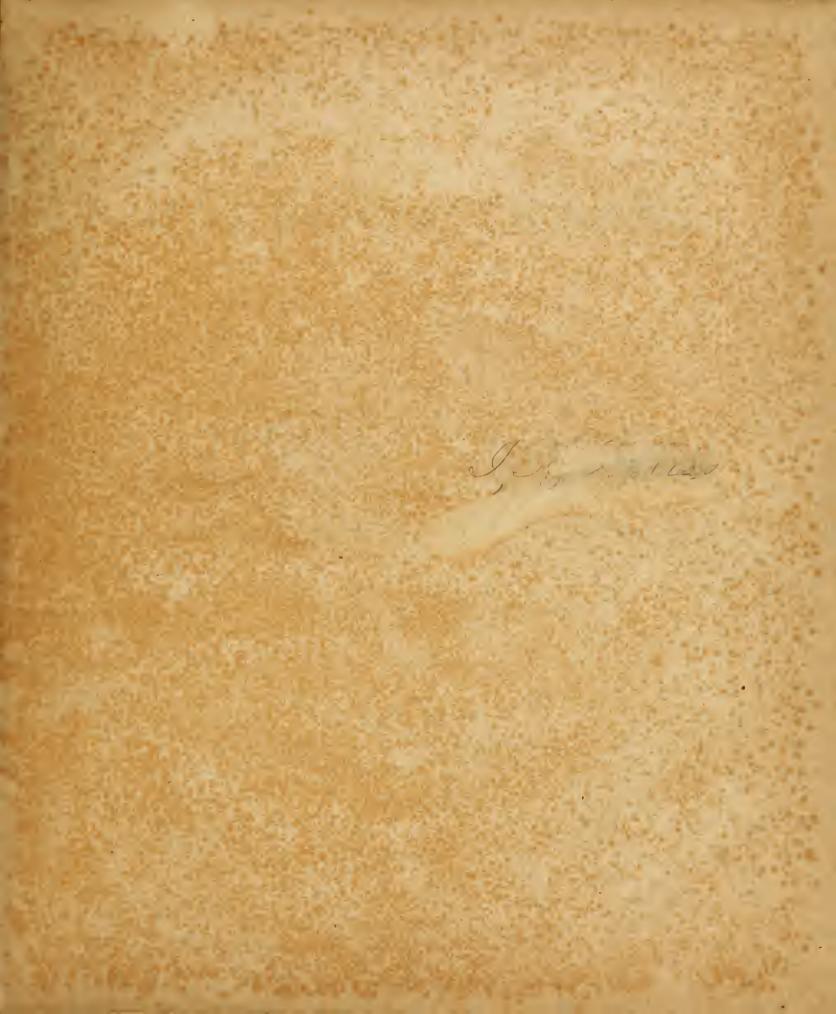
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

367

Division

Section

7







NORTEERN EARPS

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL SACRED AND MORAL SONGS,

ADAPTED TO THE

MOST POPULAR MELODIES,

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE AND GUITAR.

BY

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA,

Author of "The Southern Harp," &c.

FIFTH EDITION.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year I841, BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA,

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PREFACE.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA,

RESPECTED MADAM,

In complying with your request for a Preface to "The Northern Harp,"—which I do with sincere pleasure,—I will occupy the pages you have assigned me with a few observations on the Piano-forte as a field for sacred as well as secular music. This topic has been suggested by "The Southern Harp," which you have already given to the musical world; as well as by the present volume.

The Piano-forte is an admirable instrument. Every lover of music will rejoice that it is fast advancing in public favor and in utility. We listen, with delight, to its rich combinations of sounds, and to the various compositions in the performance of which it is successfully used; to the soft and melodious overture, the stately march, the tender and sentimental song, the lively waltz, and the sweet and thrilling duett. To all of these descriptions of composition the instrument is excellently adapted. The beauties of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, as appearing in their secular compositions, can be illustrated with fine effect upon this instrument. And yet, the Christian lover of Sacred Song cannot be satisfied with the restriction of its use to secular music. His devout feelings ask its employment also in those compositions associated with sacred sentiments, and which inspire holy affections. The time has arrived for the Piano-forte to take the place in the Christian family and social circle, which is held by its more majestic and powerful compeer, the Organ, in the sanctuary and "the great congregation." Its resources should be brought out in Sacred Song, and made to assist the aspirations of hearts in which dwell the love of God and the faith of Jesus Christ.

The hours of morning and evening prayer, and, generally, the occasions when social circles are assembled, in which Christians mingle, are times when the Piano-forte may be used with good effect. From my own experience and observation I am prepared to speak of its utility, also, at suitable intervals on the Sabbath, in the performance of sacred music in a manner strictly devotional. When the minds and hearts of a family have been occupied with the services of the sanctuary, the family, and the closet; the performance, thus, of "some of the songs of Zion," introduces a pleasant variety into the employments of the day. If the Organ is appropriately used in the sanctuary, so may be the Piano-forte in the home of the Christian family. Children and youth, in danger of regarding the restraints of the Sabbath a weariness, can be gathered around this instrument, to listen, or to bear a part in the vocal performances to which its accompaniment gives richness and effect; and thus can learn to associate with the Lord's day the sweet solemnities of Sacred Song.

4 PREFACE.

I will not believe, respected Madam, that any apology is necessary to your readers, for reminding them,—with all Christian courtesy and yet with Christian seriousness,—that for the rich satisfaction they find in music, they owe to its Creator the devotions of their hearts and their highest attainments in this heavenly art. The sweet vibrations of every chord in the instrument, speak of God to the ear, as impressively as the rays of every star appear to the eye. It is a scene to touch with tender grief the Christian who loves music, where a circle of immortal beings, delighting themselves with the exercise of their taste and skill; yet, among all their songs, have not one "to shew forth His most worthy praise." Female elegance and loveliness, especially, are often set off by the accomplishments of a fine voice, and of skill, exquisite, in bringing out the powers of an instrument. Why should not her heart,—whose fingers sweep the keys of the Piano-forte,—learn to beat with emotions of love to that Saviour, who has loved her and died for her, and who invites her to the bliss of Heaven. "The lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," delights, moves, melts us. Let her forgive us while we remind her that she may be yet without the grace of God to fit her for Heaven. And we pray that she may become a Christian, and thus be prepared to touch a golden harp in Heaven, and to raise her voice in the song of redeeming love at the right hand of the everlasting throne.

To the spiritual benefit of the lovers of music, respected Madam, may the poetry of your muse, associated with the music of your two "Harps," richly and happily contribute. Truly it is an occupation well becoming a Christian, to promote both a just and refined musical taste and the immortal good of those who cultivate this heavenly art.

With Christian esteem and respect,

I am, dear Madam,

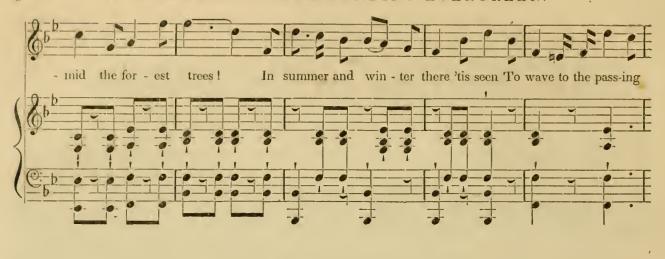
Yours, truly,

E. W. HOOKER.

BENNINGTON, VT., Nov., 1841.

HOW BRIGHT THE UNFADING EVERGREEN.











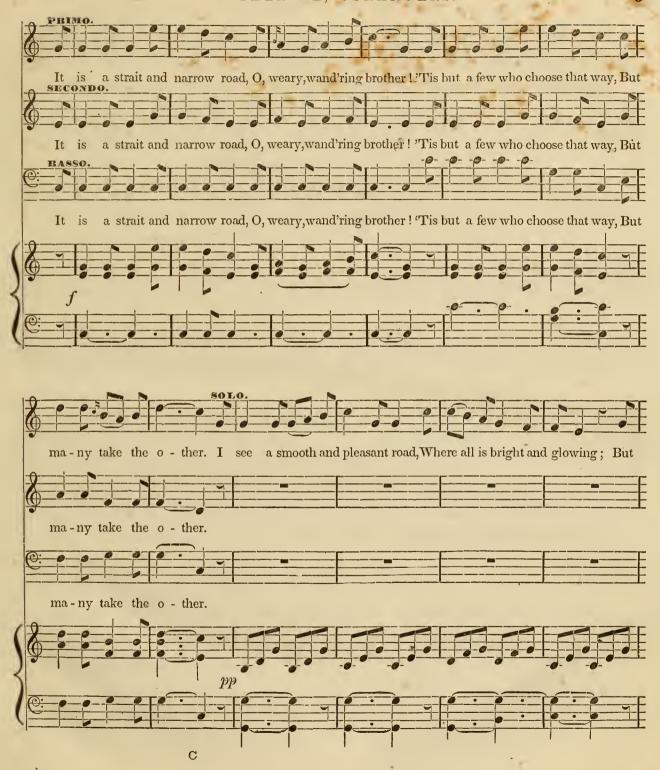
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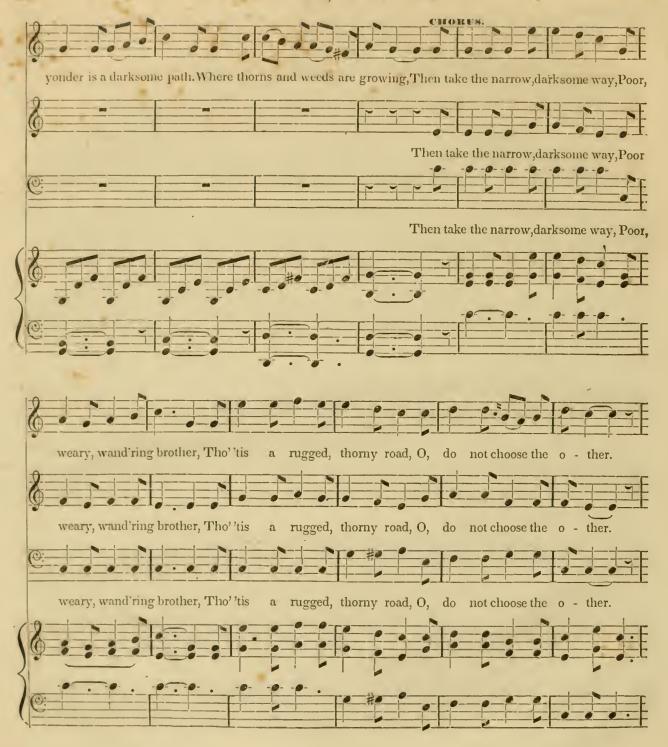
How bright is the sparkling, dancing sea,
When sunbeams glitter there!
And sweetly some pleasing melody
Enlivens the still, soft air.
And may I shine with rays divine
Reflected on my heart,

And may my voice in songs rejoice,
When I from earth depart.
How bright is the sparkling, dancing sea,
Ever, ever, bright may I be,
Like to the sparkling, dancing sea!

O TELL ME, STRANGERS.

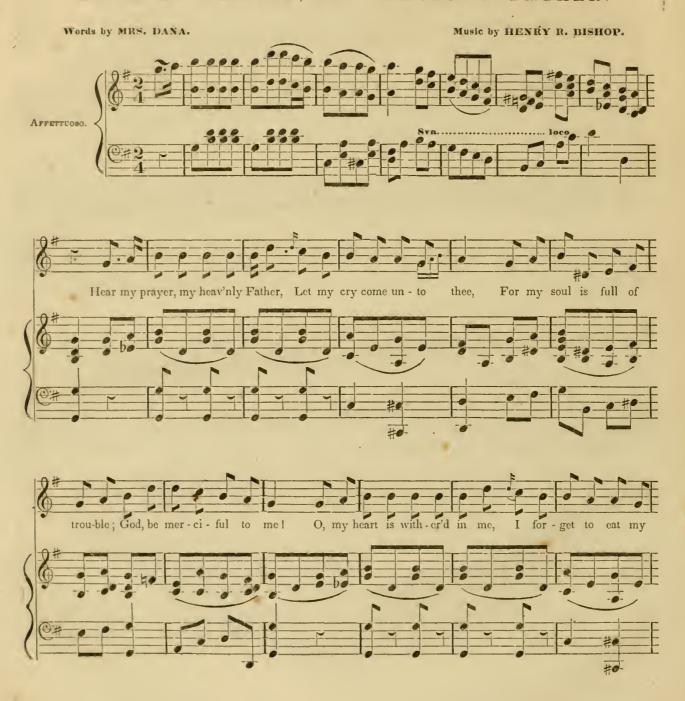


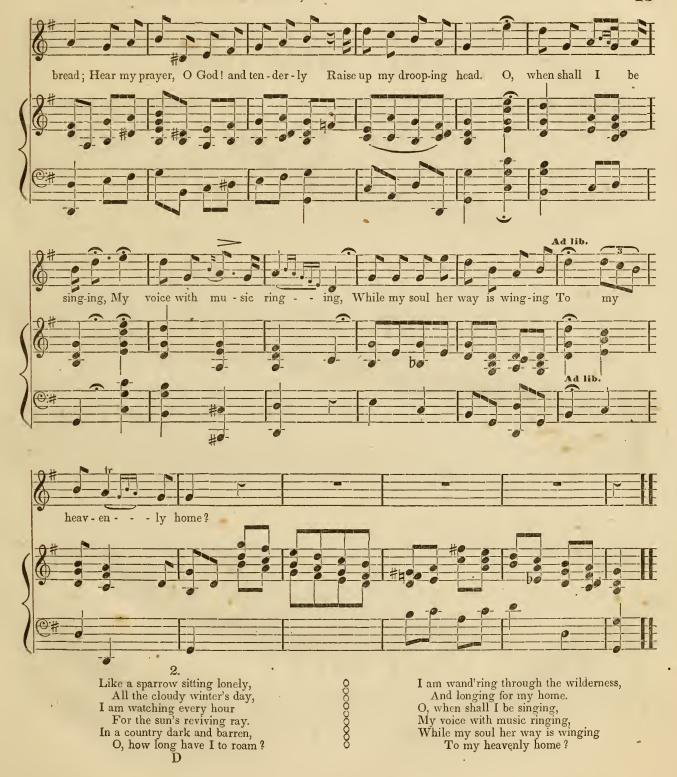




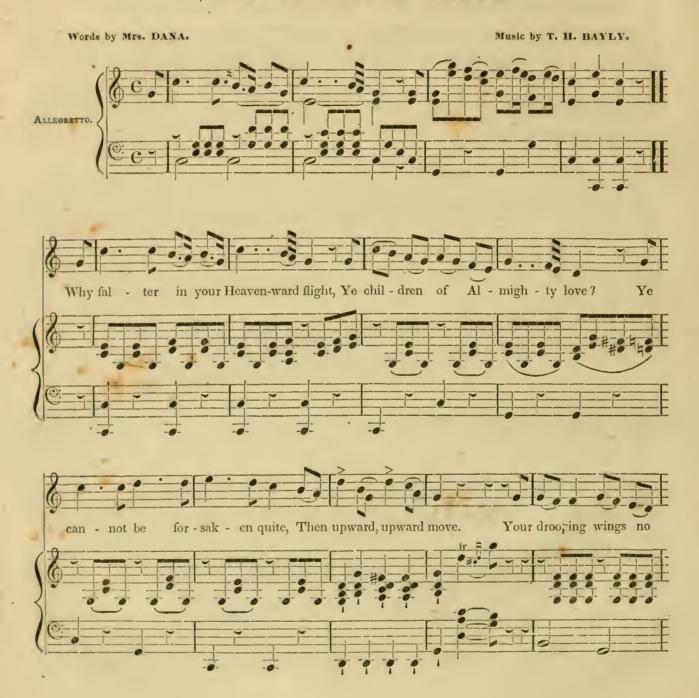


HEAR MY PRAYER, MY HEAVENLY FATHER.

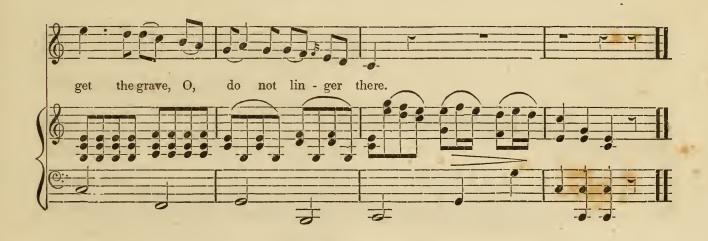




O, DO NOT LINGER THERE.







2.
The exile from his fatherland
Is sighing for his native home,
O, when bright angels beck'ning stand,
Why should you longer roam?
Now boldly spread your glorious wings,
And try to breathe in heavenly air;
Arise! arise! from earthly things,
O, do not linger there.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE THE LORD.







2.

Moon, that rideth high in Heaven,
I love thy pensive beams,
Lighting up the meadows green,
Silvering the streams!
Shining, &c.

3.
Stars, that twinkle in the sky,
All through the livelong night,
Making every placid lake
Beautifully bright!
Shining, &c.

4.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars, rejoice,
God's handiwork ye show,
While in yonder firmament
Night and day ye glow!
Shining, &c.

THOU BEAUTIFUL JERUSALEM.





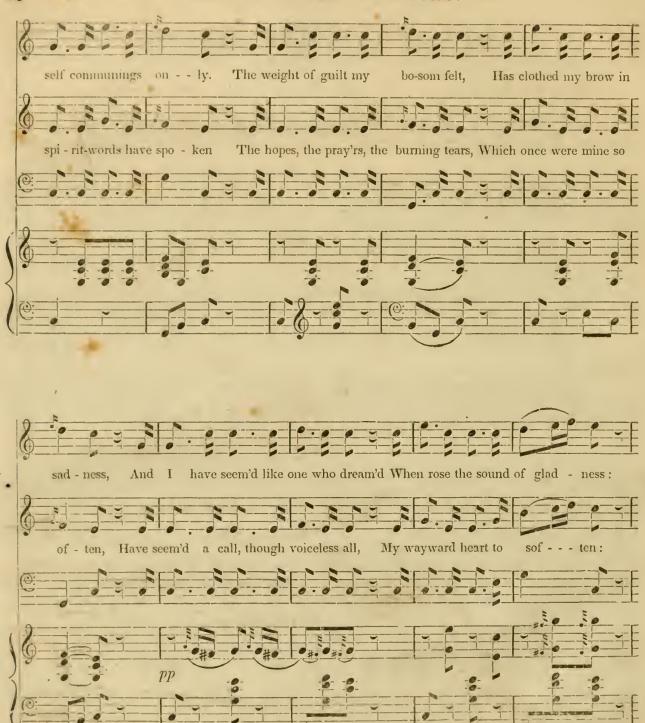


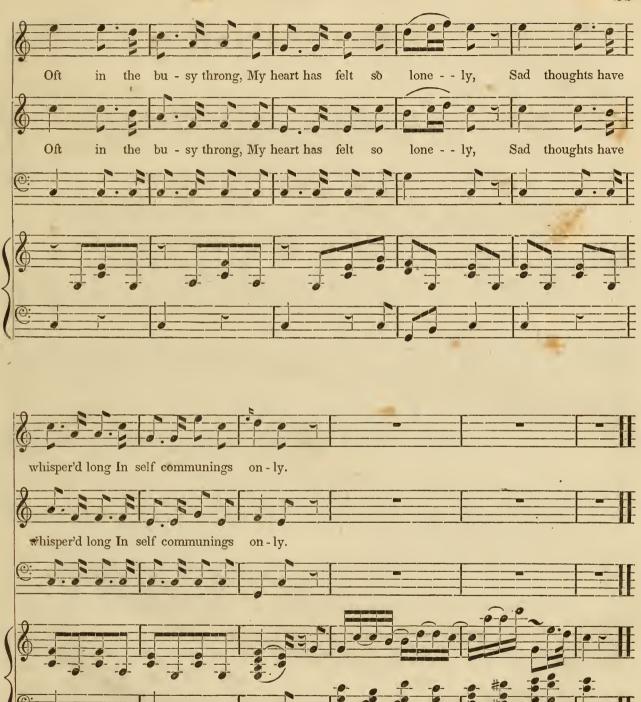
2.

The glorious Lord will be to us
A place of noble streams,
On which the sun of righteousness
Shall shed his eheering beams.
No gallant ship shall pass thereby,
No galley strike an oar,
For there shall every earthly thing
Be seen and heard no more.

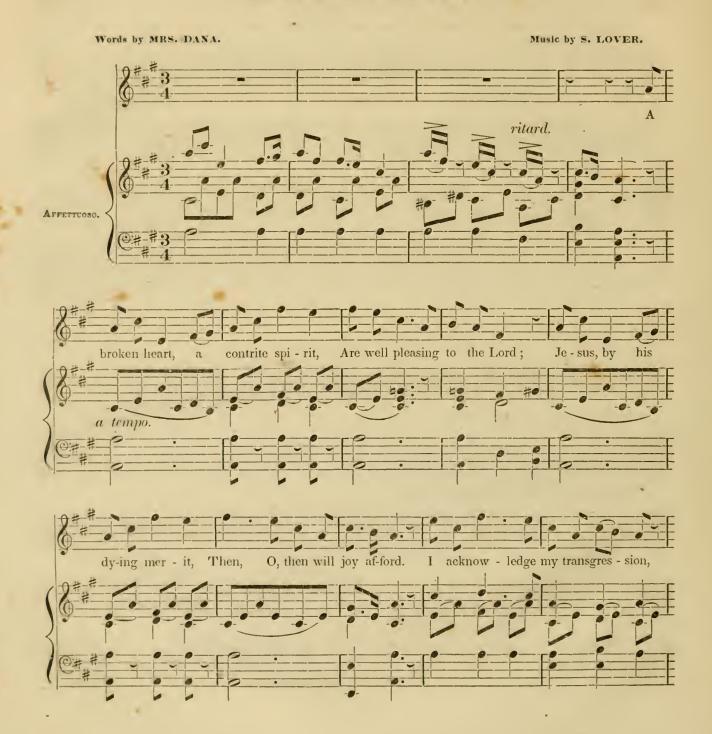
OFT IN THE BUSY THRONG.







A BROKEN HEART.





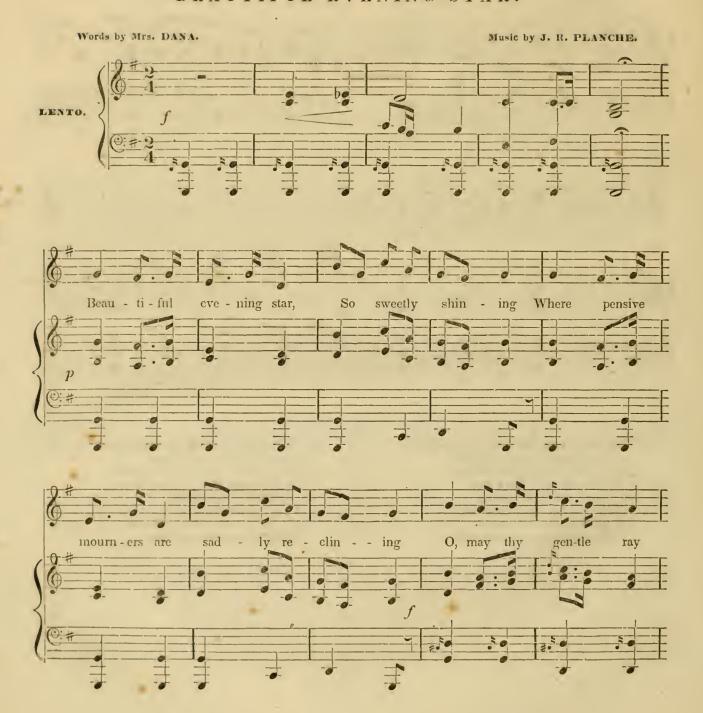


2.

Make me to hear but "joy and gladness,"
Let my broken bones rejoice,
Charm away my spirit's sadness,
By the music of thy voice.
O, restore me thy salvation,
Hide thy face from every sin;
Let thy Spirit's new creation
Make and keep me pure within.

3.
O, do thou good in thy good pleasure,
Unto Zion, heavenly King!
Let thy people, from their treasures,
To thy name their off'rings bring.
Let Jerusalem be builded,
All her altars rise again;
Every tower with joy be guilded,
Every hill and every plain.

BEAUTIFUL EVENING STAR.





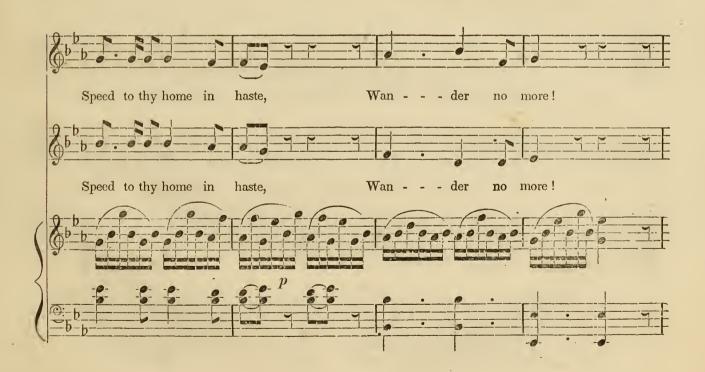


Ah! no created star
Though brightly shining
Where pensive mourners are
Sadly reclining,
Can chase the gloom away,
Nor turn the night to day;
Wait for a heavenly ray
More brightly shining.

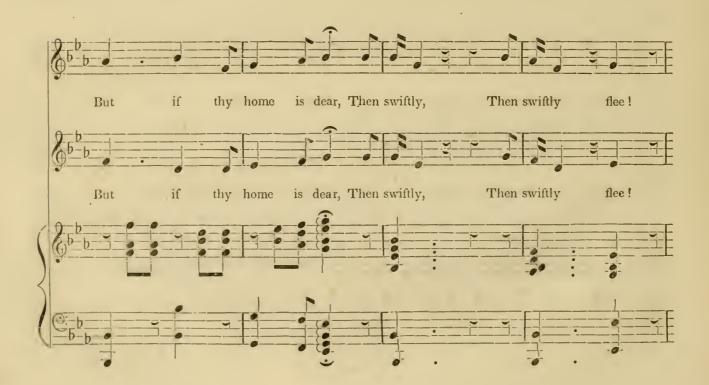
THE BIRD OF THE SOUTH.

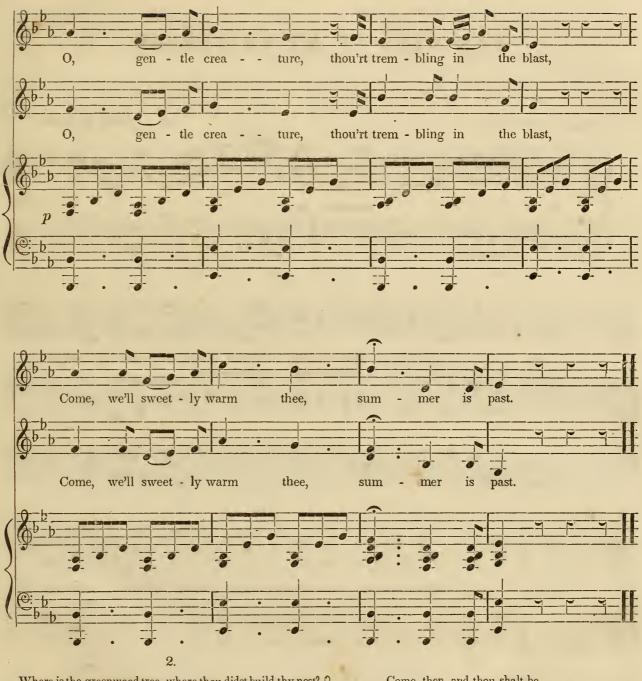












Where is the greenwood tree, where thou didst build thy nest?
Why didst thou leave it, thy home, thy sunny rest?
Say, was it torn from thee,
Some sad eventful day?
O, wast thou forced to flee,
Wand'ring, away? Why didst thou leave it, thy home, thy sunny rest?

Say, was it torn from thee,

Some sad eventful day?

O, wast thou forced to flee,

Wand'ring, away?

Come, then, and thou shalt be

Like those to us most dear,

Come, and we'll comfort thee,

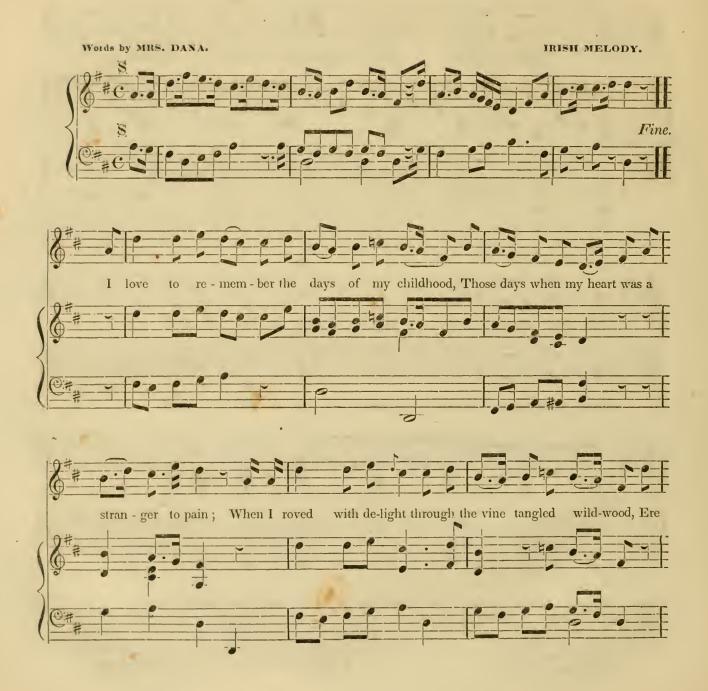
O, rest thee here!

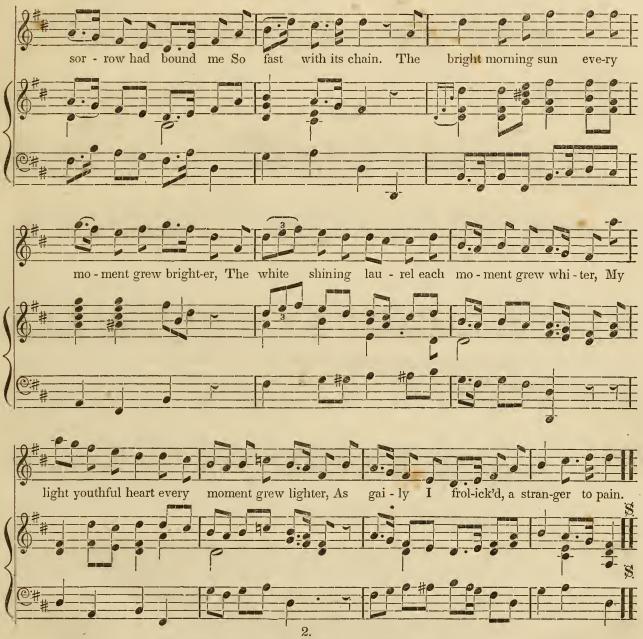
Beautiful creature! thou'rt trembling in the blast,

Come, we'll sweetly warm thee, summer is past.

30

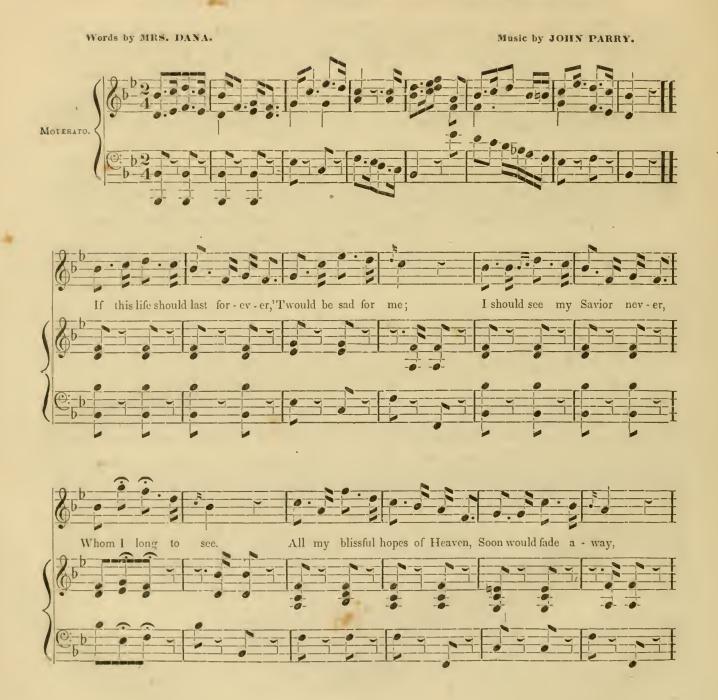
THE DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD.





2.
The world has grown dark, but I've turn'd me to Heaven,
My heart's best affections are fasten'd above;
O, 'tis well that when sorrow the bosom has riven,
The eye can be turn'd to that Heaven of love.
Yet there while I fasten my heart's fond devotion,
I still can remember with pleasing emotion,
As backward I look on life's turbulent ocean,
The days of my childhood, the days that I love.

IF THIS LIFE SHOULD LAST FOREVER.

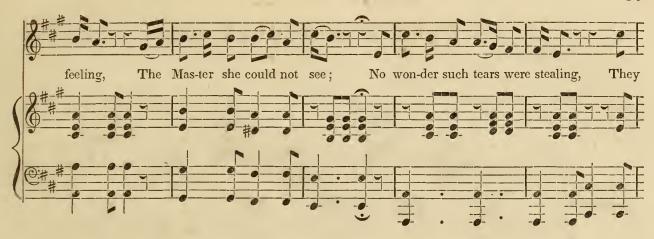




Now on hope's bright pinions soaring
Far away from earth,
I can feel, with heart adoring,
Joys of heavenly birth.
All the joys of earth are fleeting,
Dearest friends may die;
But there is a place of meeting,
At our home on high.
Then, if this life, &c.

MARY AT THE TOMB.





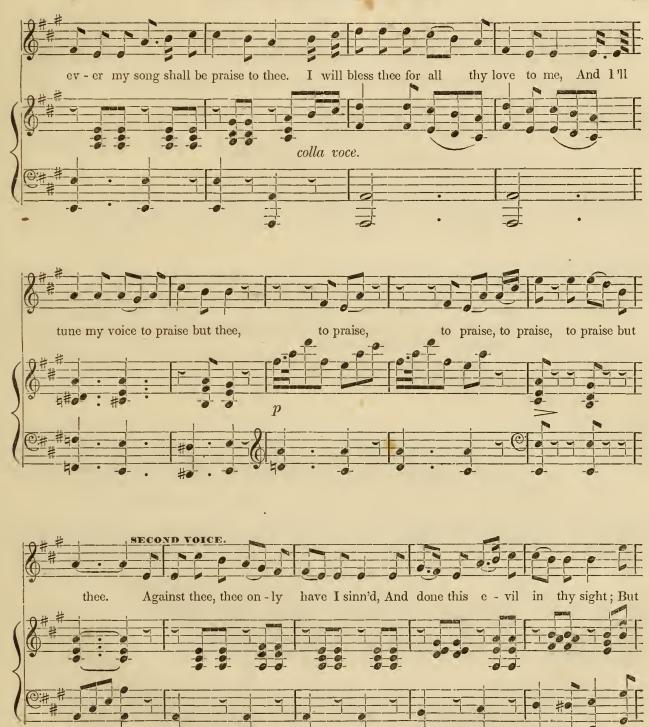


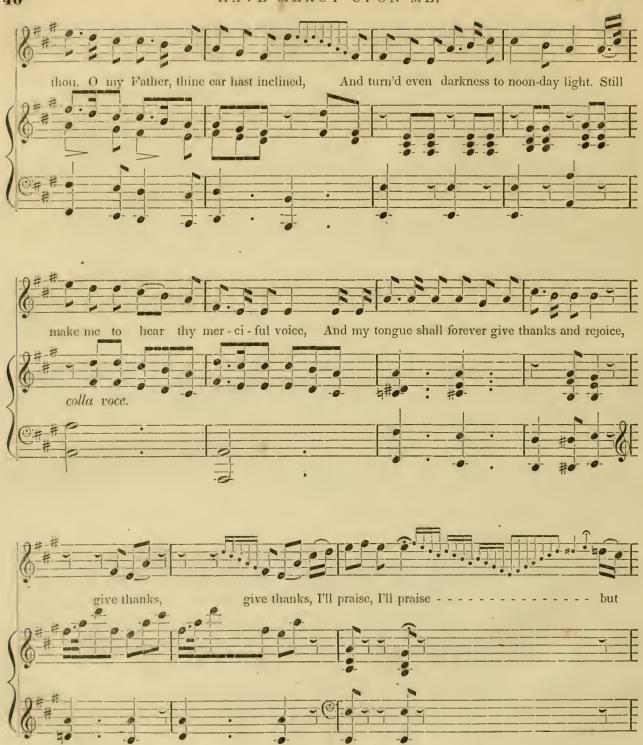
And while she was mournfully weeping,
Two angels sat there;
They seem'd their bright watch to be keeping
With heavenly care.
"O woman," the angels asked her,
"Why thus art thou weeping here?"
"They've taken," she said, "my Master,
And laid him I know not where."

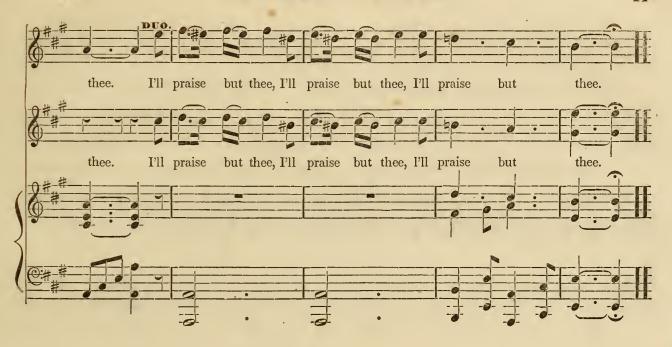
3.
Away then she turn'd in her sadness,
And Jesus drew near;
She gave him no sign of her gladness
To find he was there.
Then, "Mary!" she heard him saying,
And "Master!" she said to him,
Bright smiles on her lips were playing,
And joy in her eyes did beam.

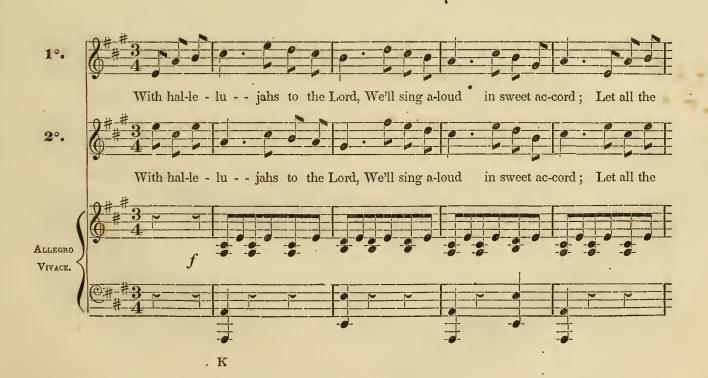
HAVE MERCY UPON ME.











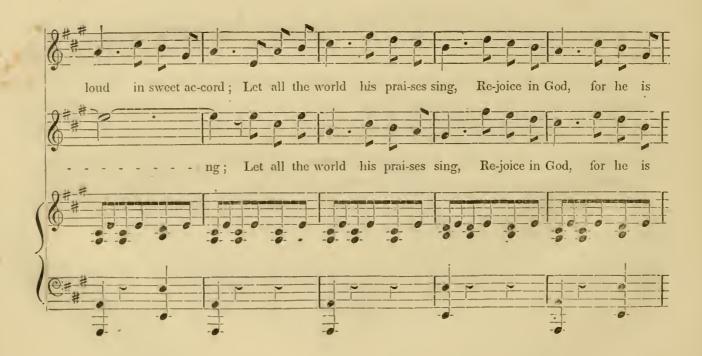






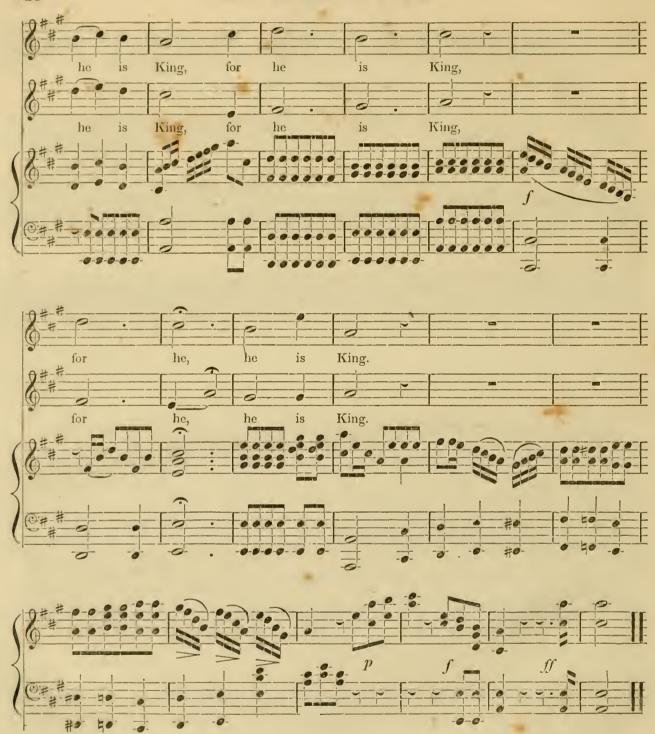






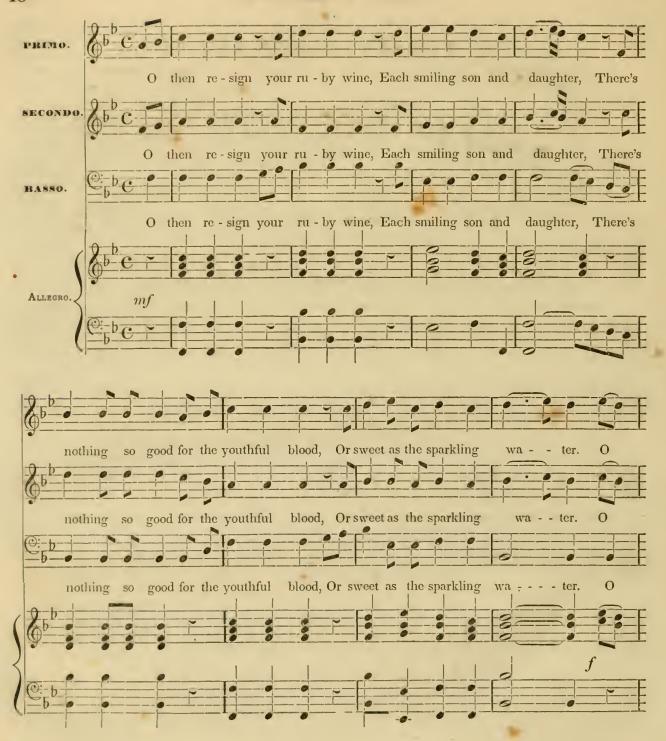


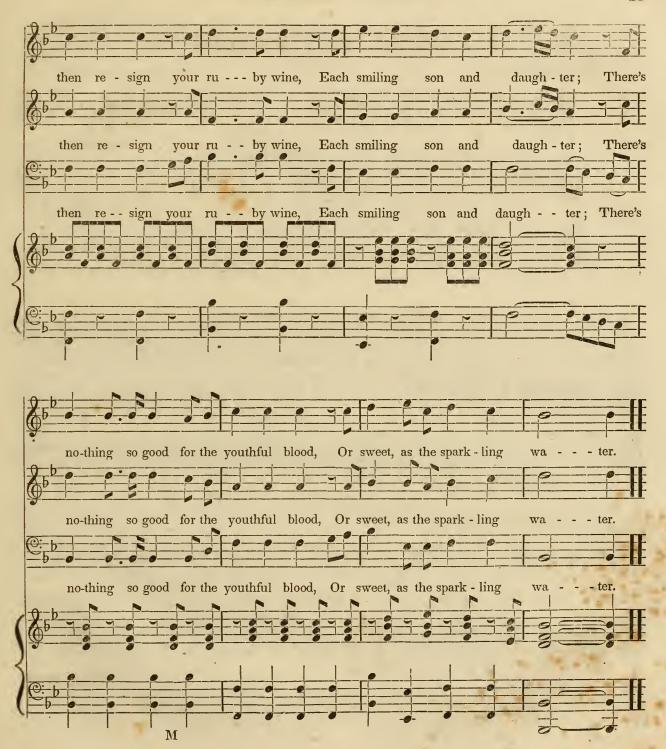




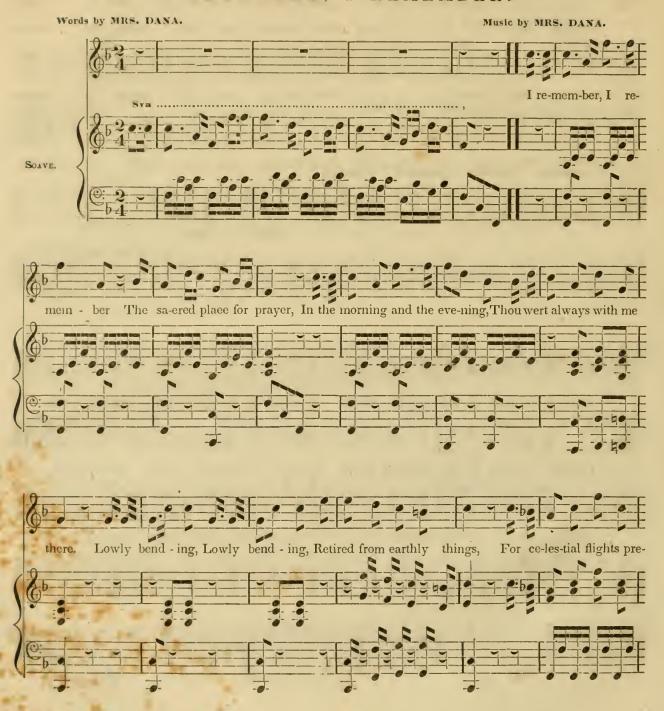
TEMPERANCE GLEE.

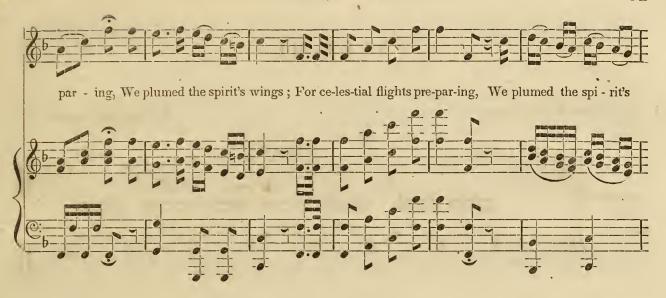






I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.







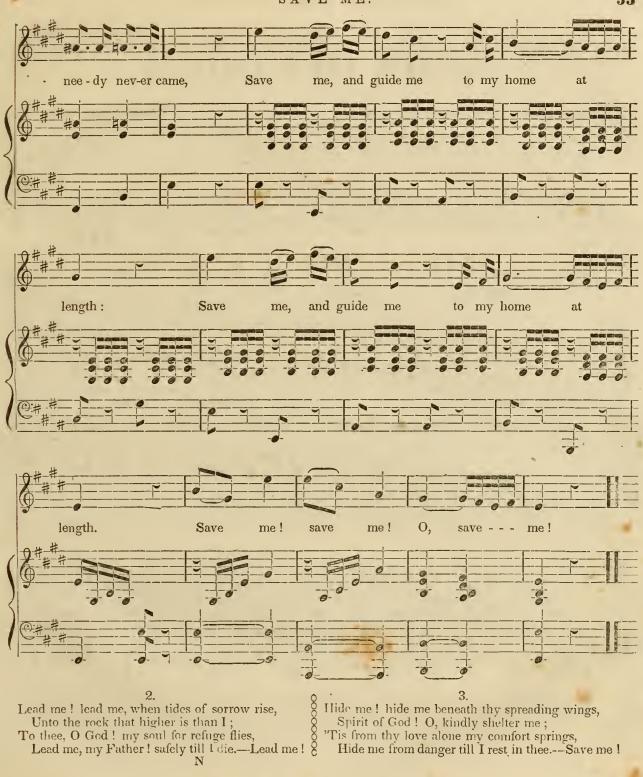
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I remember, I remember,
The "wormwood and the gall,"
When I fe't that thou hadst left me,
All alone to stand or fall.
Lowly bending, lowly bending,
I told my grief to God,
And he gave me, and he gave me
Submission to his rod.

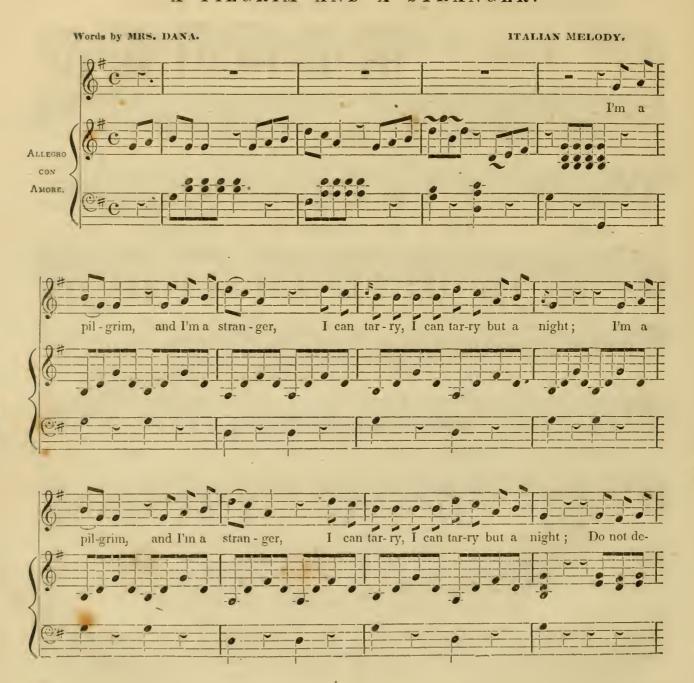
I remember, I remember,
The pleasing "jov of grief,"
How affliction turn'd to gladness,
When my prayer had brought relief.
Lowly bending, lowly bending,
Thus may I spend my days,
Till with rapture I am singing
Th' eternal song of praise.

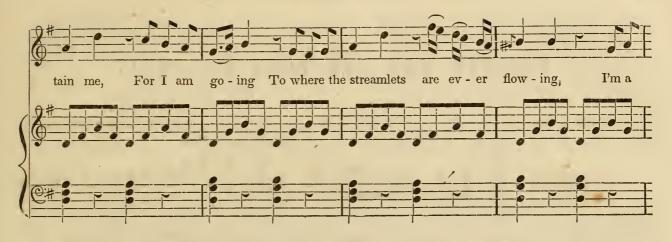
SAVE ME.

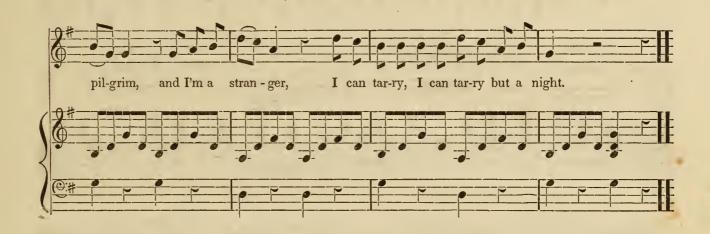




A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER.







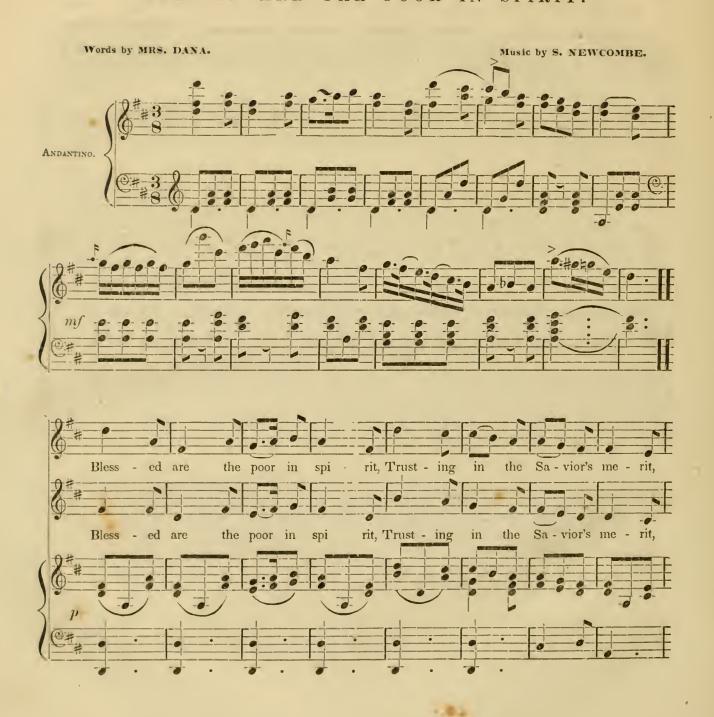
2.

#: There the sunbeams are ever shining,
#: I am longing: || for the sight; : ||
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary;
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

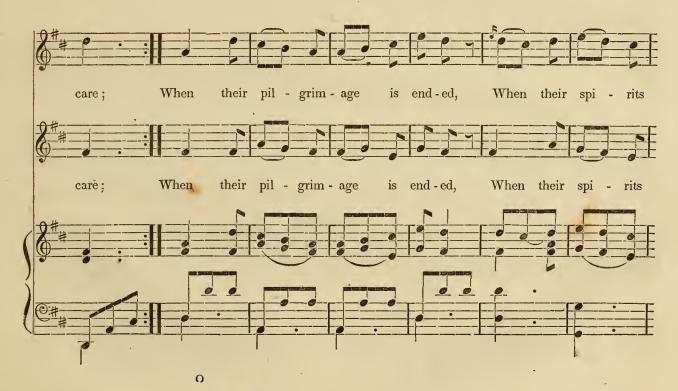
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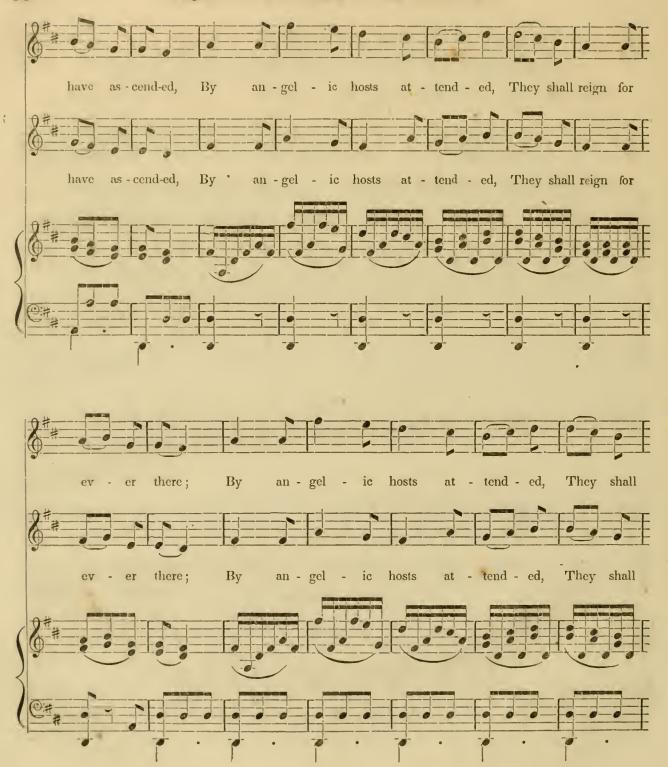
||: Of that country to which I'm going ||: My Redeemer :|| is the light; :|| There no sorrow, nor any sighing, Nor any sin there, nor any dying; I'm a pilgrim, &c.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.











Blessed is the child of sorrow,
Who can sweetest comfort forrow,
Hoping for a bright to-morrow,
Far above this world of care;

O. ye mourners, broken-hearted, Who from earthly joys are parted, All the tears that ever started, Soon shall be forgotten there.

O, TELL ME WHERE THY FLOCK ARE FEEDING. .











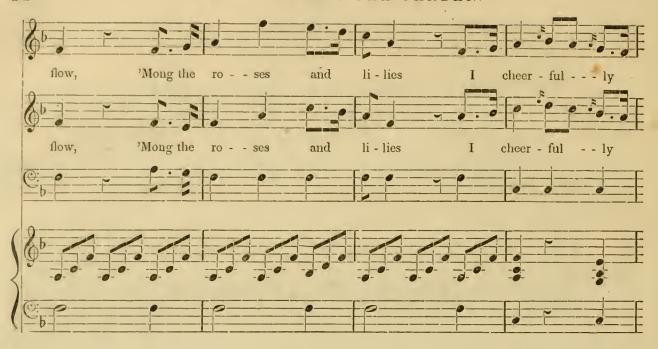


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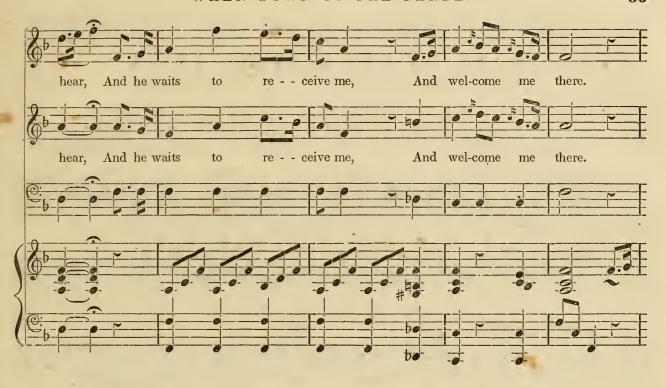
Dear Jesus! full of loving kindness,
Wilt thou remember me?
And O, remove my grievous blindness,
And let me follow thee.
Then, while the angry storms do lower,
I'll throw my arms around,
No tempest can my soul o'erpower,
If I with thee am found.

WHEN DOWN TO THE GARDEN.











O, well I remember his wonderful love,
And the rich wedding garment his tenderness wove;
He has cover'd my soul, and I never will fear
In his heart-cheering presence with joy to appear.

He has spread me a banquet of fruits from above, And unfurl'd me a banner, the banner of love! I have open'd my spikenard and sweet smelling myrrh And the fragrance he loveth perfumes all the air.

When under his shadow his fair one abides,
How kindly he feeds her, how gently he chides!
And, tenderly sweet as the music above,
How freely he whispers of pardoning love!

This is my beloved and this is my friend!
Ye daughters of Zion, he loves to the end;
When he comes to his garden his steps you may hear
And he waits to receive you and welcome you there.

HARK TO THE SABBATH BELLS.



















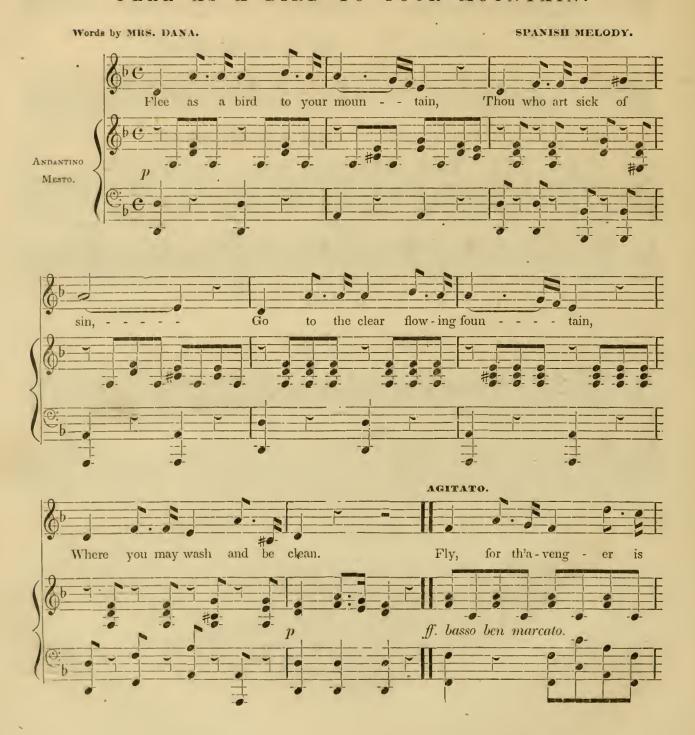


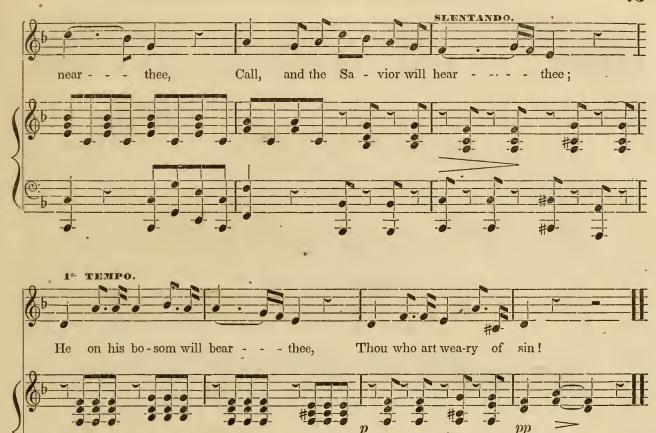


2.

When the eve is shading
Over the hills and dells,
Holy visions aiding,
Hark to the Sabbath bells!
When comes the peaceful twilight hour,
We'll sing a song of praise;
Our Father God, we thee adore
For all our Sabbath days.
When the eve, &c.

FLEE AS A BIRD TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.





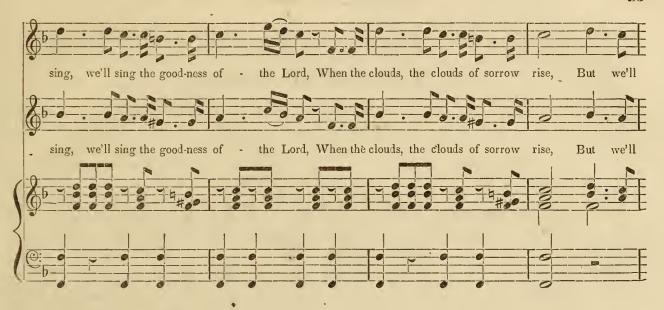
2.

He will preserve thee forever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forget thee, O, never,
Shelter'd so tenderly there!
Haste then, the hours are flying!
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
Jesus will wipe every tear!

THERE'S A JOY THAT THE MOURNING SPIRIT FEELS.





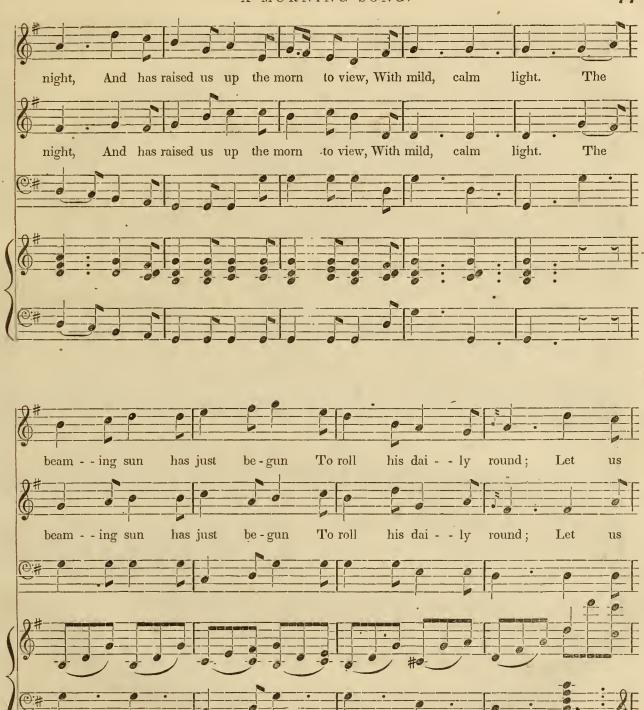




O, this life's troubled hours are fleeting fast,
Very soon they will all roll away,
Let us turn our eyes from the gloomy past,
To the glory of Heaven's bright day.
Then we'll sing, &c.

A MORNING SONG.







2. Let the people praise thee, Heavenly King!

For all thy care,
Who preservest every living thing,
From harmful snare.

Let each rejoice, with tuneful voice,
Their Maker's name to praise,
He is good to all; let great and small

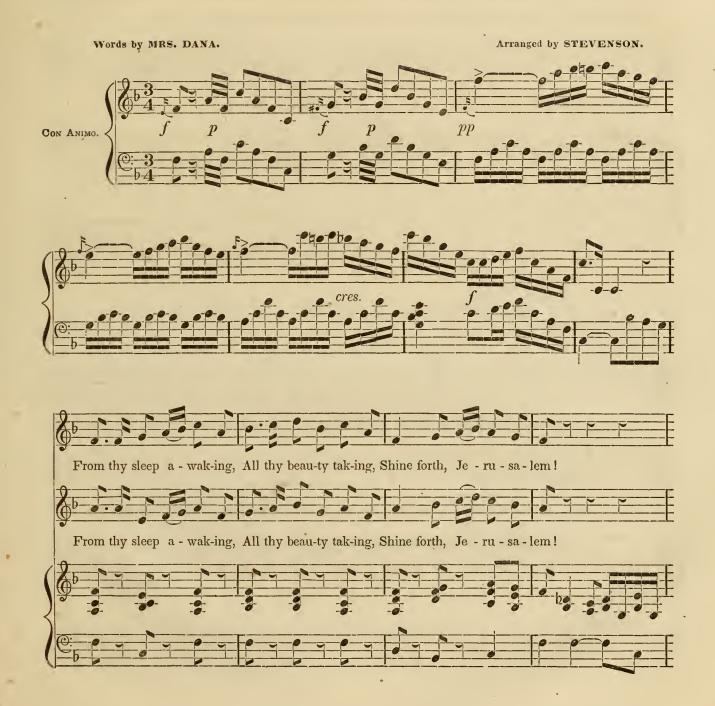
Their anthems raise.

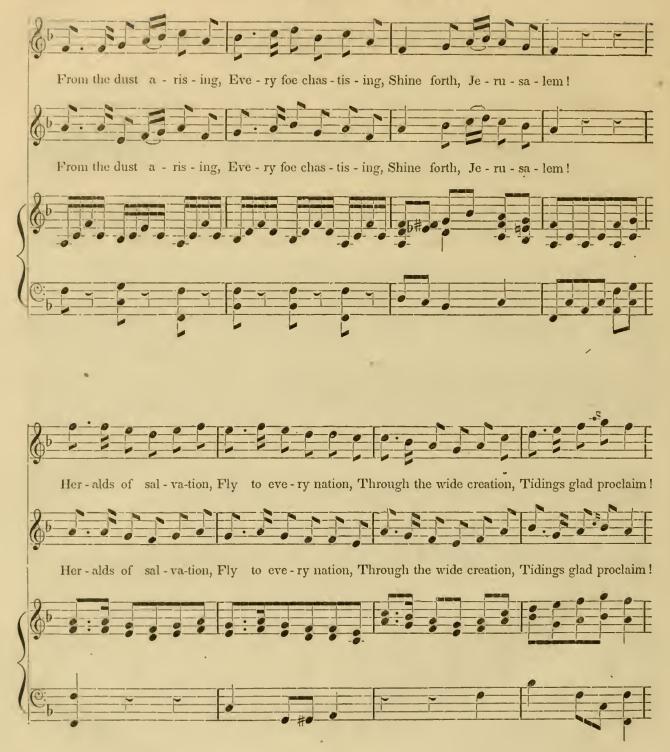
3. Father! keep us safely through the day,
Till evening's close;
When together we shall meet to pray

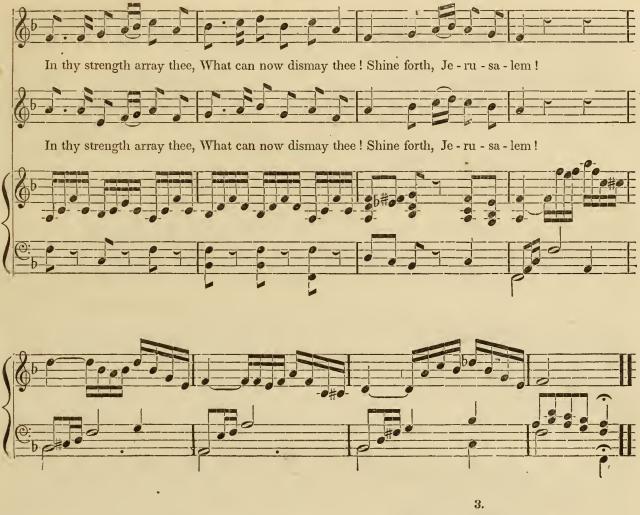
For safe repose.
Remember all who do not eall

On thee for daily care;
May they learn to pray, who every day Thy mercies share.

SHINE FORTH, JERUSALEM.





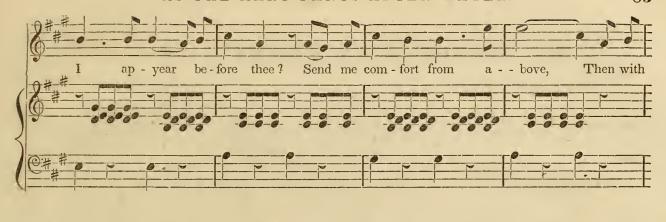


From the northern mountains
To the southern fountains,
Shine forth, Jerusalem!
On the eastern nations,
On the western stations,
Shine forth, Jerusalem!

Where the suff'rer, weeping,
Lonely watch is keeping,
Ye, who now are sleeping,
Sound Messiah's name!
O, from sleep awaking,
All thy beauty taking,
Shine forth, Jerusalem!

AS THE HART PANTS AFTER WATER.









Day and night my tears are streaming,
While they say, "where is your God?"
Let thy countenance be beaming
On my gloomy, rugged road.
O, my God! my soul within me
Surely longeth for thy grace;
Pity me, and sweetly win me
By the smiling of thy face.

3.
All thy waves are rolling o'er me,
But they cannot drown my soul;
I will set the Lord before me,
Who the billows can control.
I will say to God, my Savior,
"Why hast thou forgotten me?"
I repent my sad behavior,
"Let me hide myself in thee."

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

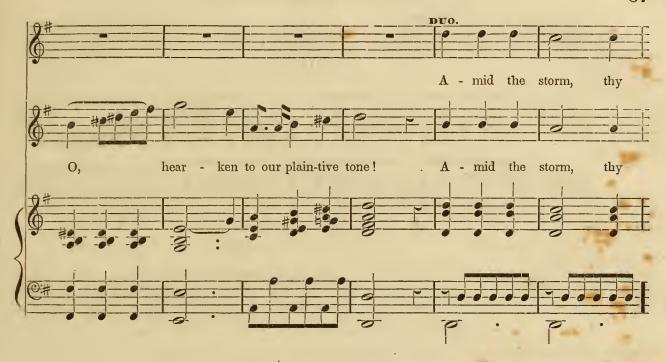




Jerusalem! thy living streams
Shall freely flow again,
And, sparkling in those gladsome beams,
Shall water every plain.
Then may the joyful nations come
And quench their longing thirst,
And Jews shall hear their welcome home
In loud hosannas burst.

WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.





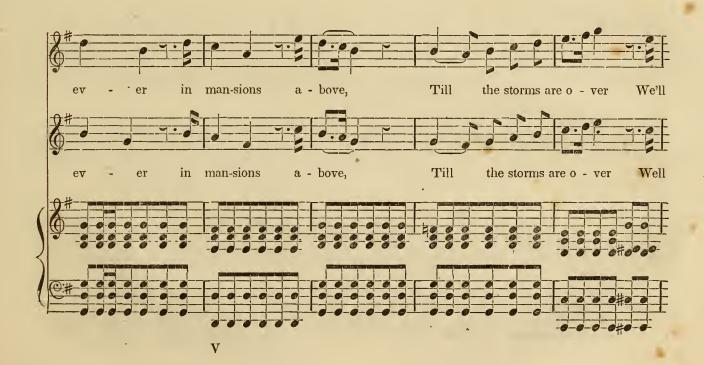


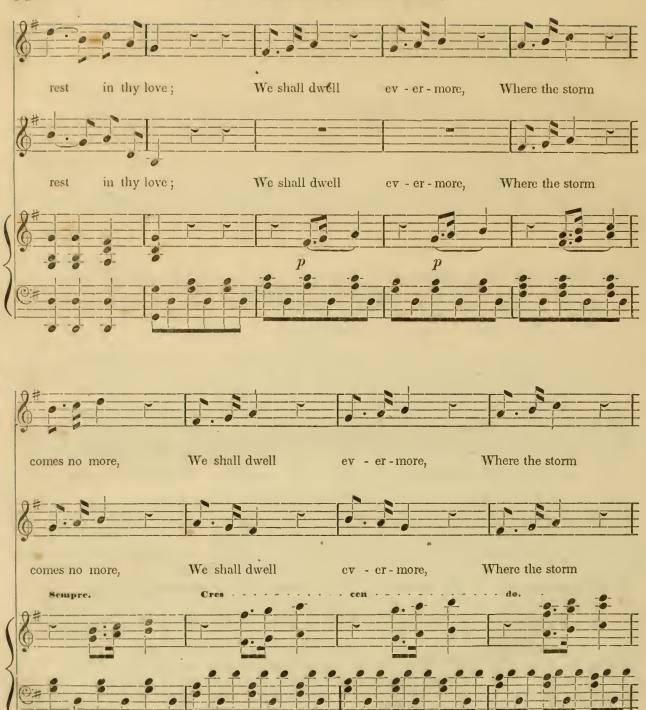




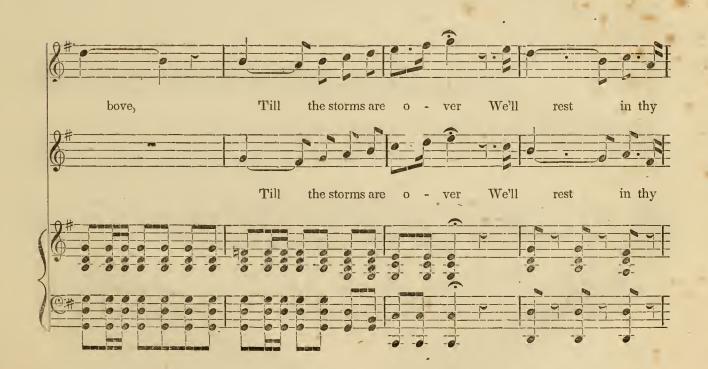


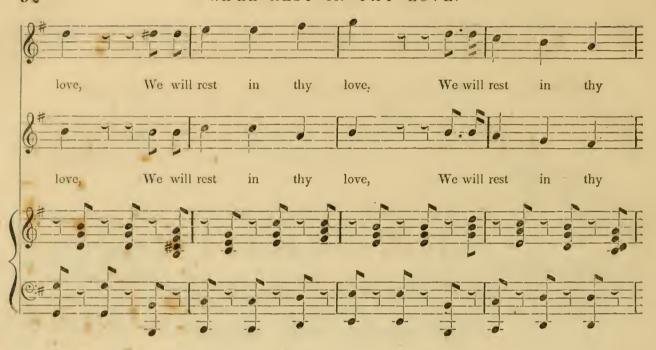














ONE SILENT EVE.

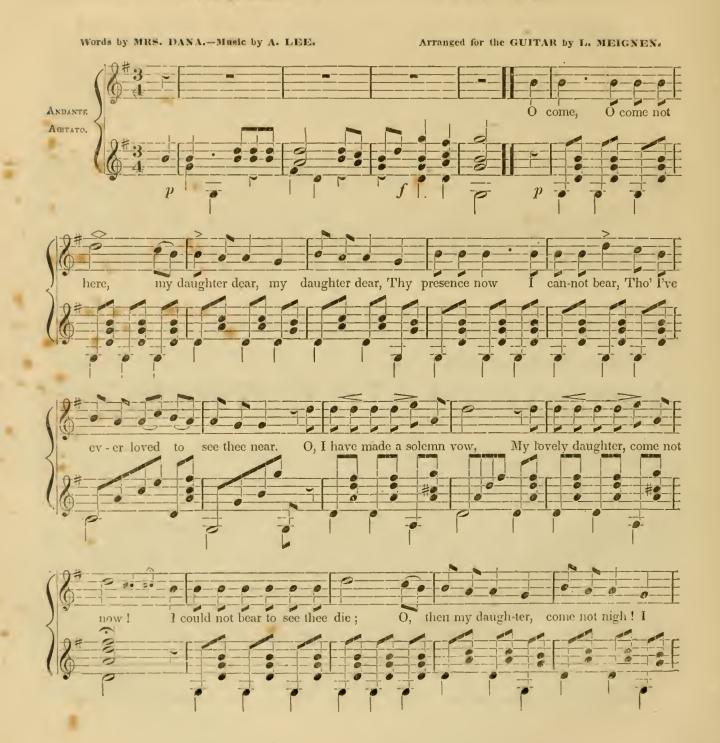


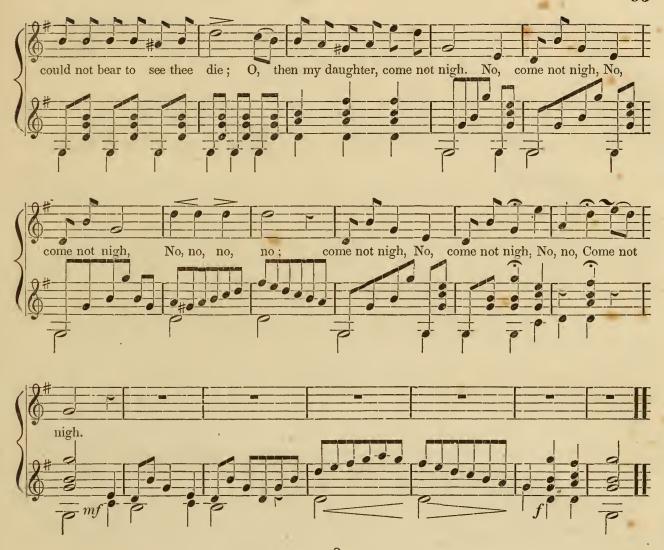
- 2. The pearly tears adown her cheeks were falling; How often tears affection's heralds are! Her plaintive voice on one she loved was calling, As on that eve she tuned her sweet Guitar.
- 3. Upward she gazed while in the clear blue heaven Majestic rose her fav'rite evening star; How throbb'd her heart to see that star of even,

As thus she sat and tuned her sweet Guitar.

- 2 4. For on that star above so brightly shining Another eye was gazing from afar;
 - Yes, one she loved her solemn watch was joining, While there she sat, and tuned her sweet Guitar.
 - 5. And thus she sang. "O, may the God of Heaven Protect us both while parted thus afar;
 - And when we meet, while shines the star of even, 'Tis to his praise I'll tune my sweet Guitar."

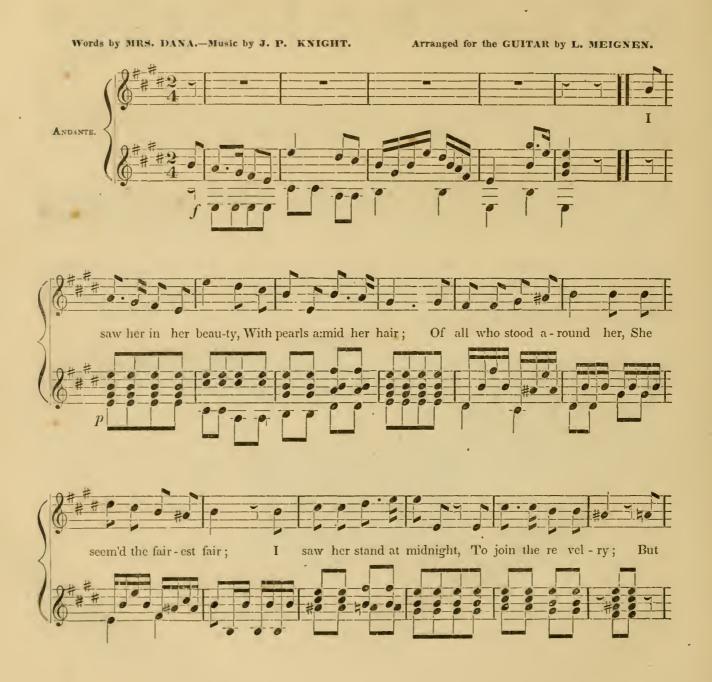
JEPHTHA TO HIS DAUGHTER.

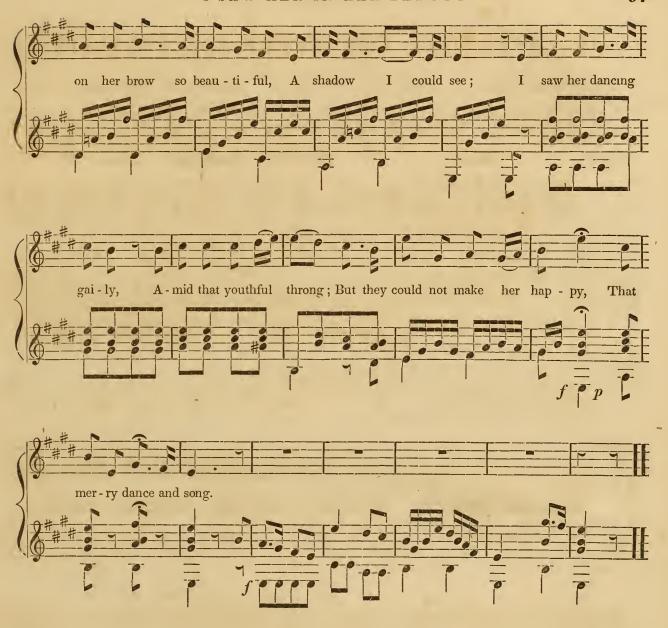




Then hear my voice, nor thus rejoice,
But leave me, love, some other choice;
Thou art very young for sacrifice;
Alas, my daughter! come not now,
I must perform my solemn vow!
How could I bear to see thee die?
Alas, my daughter! come not nigh!
No, come not nigh, &c.

I SAW HER IN HER BEAUTY.



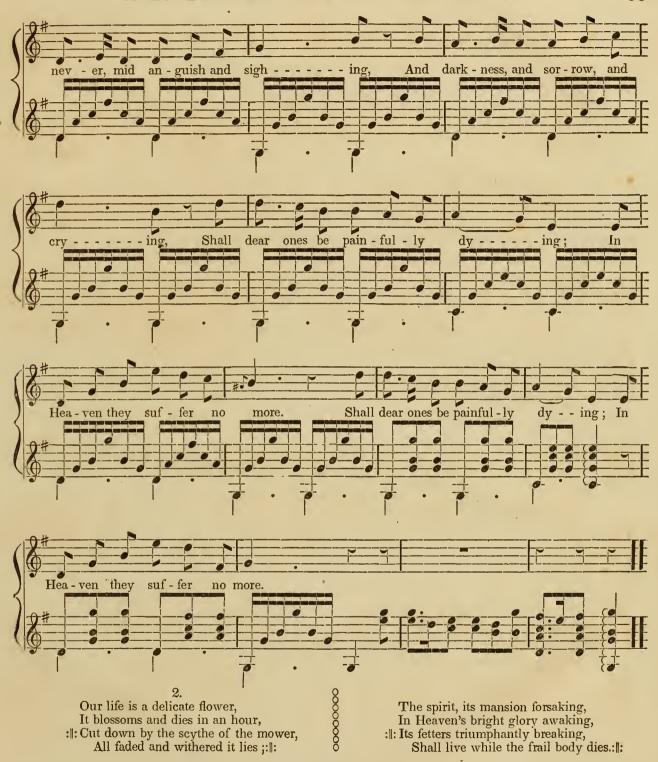


2.
And once again I saw her
Before the altar stand,
With many young companions,
A consecrated band;
She took the sacred emblems
Of blood-stain'd Calvary,

But on her brow so beautiful
No shadow could I see;
Her treasure was in Heaven,
Her heart was fix'd above;
O, I knew it made her happy,
Her Savior's dying love.

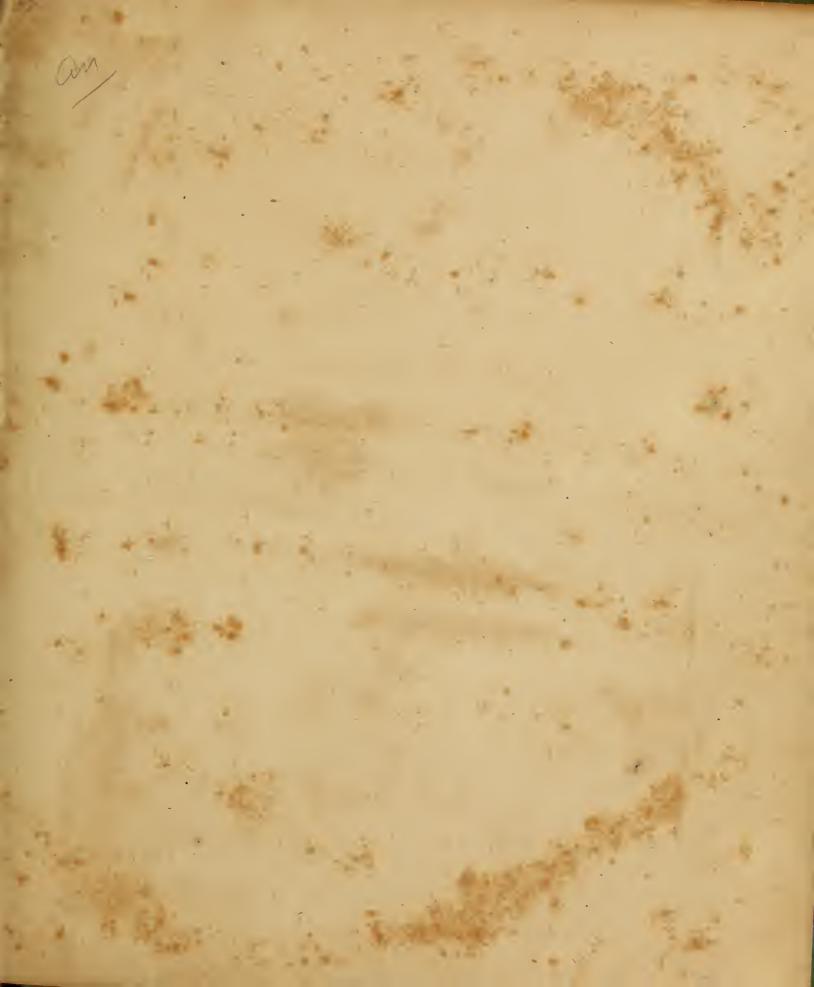
IF LOVED ONES THE WORLD ARE FORSAKING.





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